when Heaven and Happineſs are to be obtained in ſo eaſy a Manner, who would not ſet ſincerely and heartily about it? Ah! Maſter, you talk well of Happineſs, ſays a Ploughman who ſtood by, but it is not an eaſy Thing for a poor Man to be happy. I believe you miſtake the Matter, my good Friend, returned Maſter *Smith*: *That every Man is always as happy, or as miſerable, as he thinks himſelf*, was a Maxim with my Grandfather, and I ſee no Reaſon to be of a contrary Opinion. Riches do not contribute ſo much to Happineſs, as you imagine. It is much in a Man's own Power to be happy, and he who would be truly ſo, muſt learn to manage his own Mind; muſt contract a generous Diſpoſition, and Habit of being pleaſed at the Proſperity of others. And thoſe that are ſo, ſays Lady *Mary*, are always happy; for they have always ſomething to rejoice at; beſides which, they are often gratified in another Manner, contrary to their Expectations. I am ſure I ſhall never forget the Behaviour of two young Ladies at the laſt Place where we were viſiting. Some Days before we came

came to our Friend's Houſe, a Fair had been held at the next Town, and on that Occaſion the young Ladies had received Preſents from ſeveral Gentlemen and Ladies in the Neighbourhood. Theſe were ſhewn to two young Ladies who lived at the next Houſe, and who were Girls very different in their Diſpoſition. The Eldeſt, which was Miſs *Biddy*, diſliked every Thing, and toſſed back her Head with an envious Sneer, to which ſhe often added an impertinent Remark; but the Youngeſt, whoſe Name was *Philly*, ſeemed pleaſed with all their Preſents, and I could perceive by her Countenance, that ſhe rejoiced at ſeeing them all made ſo happy. When Miſs *Polly* brought her Egrette to the Eldeſt, ſhe ſaid, it was a paultry Bauble; but the Youngeſt pinned it on, and ſaid it was taſty and pretty. When the Cardinal was ſhewn to the Eldeſt, ſhe ſaid it looked like an old Curtain; but the Youngeſt admired the Cut, the Colour, and the Silver Blond Lace. When the Riding Jacket was ſhewn, and Miſs *Fanny* had put it on; the Eldeſt ſaid, ſhe looked like a Dowdy; but the Youngeſt

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